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LAW, NOT THE MOB, MUST RULE I can never accept any man as a champion of liberty either for ourselves or for the world who does not reverence and obey the laws of our own beloved land, whose laws we have made. He has adopted the standards of the enemies of his country, whom he affects to despise.

THIS concluding paragraph from the appeal of the President to his fellow countrymen today that they discountenance and frown upon all mob violence epitomizes the whole document. There have been assaults upon enemy aliens here and the Germans have used them in propaganda in South America to prove that we are not the proper custodians of the democratic idea. We who profess to be fighting to make democracy safe must be the last to resort to mob rule, even under great provocation.

Further, this statement is a protest against I. W. W. rioting and all disregard of law and all provocation to disorder which may originate with agitators of any kind. We must have the reign of law here if we would demand it in the rest of the world.

It begins to look as though the best place to help Russia is on the western front.

NIGHT WORK AND FUEL SAVING AMONG the newest conservation plans being considered by the Pennsylvania fuel administration is one by which it is proposed to revise the working schedule of factories under a rule which would compel the operatives to work at night and remain idle in the daylight hours. It is to be presumed that the suggestion originates with efficiency experts of public utility corporations, who aim at a more even distribution of the burden of power supply.

Everyday experience in the operation of public utilities shows that a heavy concentration of energy is necessary at given periods, and that greater economy would be possible were the "load" rationally distributed over the whole twenty-four hours. The fuel administration is in a mood, apparently, to recognize fully the logic of an appeal for the rearrangement of many industrial schedules to some such end. But it might remember, too, that utility services are organized and operated and franchised to meet the needs and the conveniences of the public. The reversal of this principle upon a theory that the public should meet the needs and conveniences of the utility corporations involves a rather startling suggestion.

General opinion will countenance the night operation of factories and the enforced employment of many men and women from daylight to daylight only after it has been shown that some such step is imperatively necessary. And Mr. Potter will have to make his proof final and definite if he would justify the infliction of so much discomfort on many thousands of people.

The fuel administration has overlooked the City Hall clock.

A RESERVE CUSHION MR. SCHWAB has come back from the West with the demand that each shipyard have 60,000 tons of steel as a "reserve cushion" in order that the work may be pushed with confident enthusiasm in the ability of the yard to complete its program.

That phrase, reserve cushion, is most fortunately conceived. It will apply to Foch's army as well as to the shipyards. It was his possession of reserves that made it possible for him to change a defensive operation between the Marne and the Aisne into a successful offensive, and it was this reserve cushion on which his fighting forces rested that made them comfortable and assured as they went over the top.

And it is the reserve cushion of a balance in the bank that makes it possible for every householder who has it to go to bed at night unworried about the future and able to wake in the morning with new energy to take up his tasks. Mr. Schwab has many claims to fame, but he is likely to win new fame as a maker of winning phrases if he keeps on as he has begun.

The marines never have been marooned.

FOCH LONDON and Paris are now saying that General Foch has justified the faith that was put in him when he was made generalissimo of the Allied forces.

The same view is held in America and Italy, but it has not found expression so freely. The value of this confidence in the high command is inestimable. We can wait with patience the working out of his plans, knowing that he understands the situation and has the ability to take advantage of every opportunity to strike a telling blow.

If the men in the ranks did not believe in Foch before they have every reason to trust him now. And an army with confidence in the man directing it is virtually unconquerable.

Not only in Russia, but in England SINCERE liberals in every part of the world—those men and women who have based a desire for progressive social reorganization upon a sound and scientific estimate of human needs—must look with amazement and despair upon the prostitution of their theories in Russia and, at the moment, in England. They see their high hopes threatened with the dust. The sweeping threat of operatives to tie up the English munitions industry cannot but bring most dismay to those who heretofore have been most ardently on the side of the workers.

The savage self-interest of the groups now most conspicuously active everywhere under the label of liberalism represents but a mad caricature and a malignant perversion of all that the enlightened propagandists hoped and wished for. The flaring ego of the mob seems at this instant to involve a menace to civilization far subtler than anything that has emanated from Germany. It threatens, by inviting the hatred of all people, to arrest the progress in the future of those ideals of liberalism that have been conceived in justice, in compassion and in a real love of humanity.

The tragedy involved for those who have given themselves endlessly to liberal causes is overwhelming. They were a various band. There were the ragged saints who grew old and gray crying out to a heedless society of the sorrows of the prevailing poor. There were scholars who fought the fight of the unwearied and made of human concerns a sort of religion. They wished alike merely to free their kind from slums and hunger—for the good of posterity. They wished to liberate the human spirit—to let it shine. They were assured of the essential decency of all men.

And now leadership has been whipped away from them by cliques of energetic fanatics, by opportunists and tin horns moved by an elemental greed and the isolated consciousness of the jungle. The whole cause of liberalism has not only been desecrated. It is imperiled. The force that menaces England now through the munition strikes is not liberalism. But the world will remember vaguely that it was somehow allied with the rise of liberalism. And the Huns at home who have sought opportunity to discredit every progressive human aspiration will revert to it in the future for their own ends.

The war, because of the sacrifices it has required and because of the poignant concerns it has laid upon all mankind, will be remembered vividly for generations. Every force and reaction involved in it will be burned and cut into the minds of the races. The labor strikes that now threaten to sweep England are likely to make liberalism a word hated and despised by every soldier on the battlefield. It is a term associated with an enemy in the rear. It will be difficult to convince the people of the future that the crowd of radicals who ruined Russia and prolonged the war and inflicted added horror and bloodshed on millions were not liberals of any previously recognized class. And these men will be remembered as traitors who betrayed not merely a nation, but a whole world.

In England the doctrine of radical liberalism is hopelessly entangled in a movement that menaces the country in the most trying hours of its history. The men involved in that movement are not illiterate. They are not groping blindly like the mass of Russians. And yet they have turned upon their own Government at a moment when England is in an attitude of defense that is so ennobled by heroism and sacrifice as to compel the endless reverence of men.

These isolated groups of free thinkers are disposed to consider themselves more important than the State. And the pitiful part of it is that everywhere in Europe where liberals have been most militant they have been characterized by a similar point of view.

Such men are the great enemies of the race and of the future. If by the war by the reaction from such processes as they have originated should halt the movement of progressive social ideals of the conservative liberals here and in Europe or diminish intelligent and general co-operation in a sane revision of many social and industrial theories humanity will suffer a disaster as great as that which might come with a German conquest.

The really great liberals who did most to stir human society to recognition of its errors in the past—Wells, Angell, Shaw, Henderson and the lesser men in the ranks, whose devotion was quite as great as theirs—are swept out of sight and hearing. All of their energies and all the intelligence of those who really believe in collective human reason will be required now to avert the wreck of a movement that is progressing from enlightenment close to the realm of madness.

We saw an officer of the Polish legion on Chestnut street yesterday. The blue uniform is very nice, but why the Ulian cap?

LOYALTY AND LOYALTY POLITICS, so far from being adjoined, is not even taking a recess. The President in response to a request for his views about the renomination of Democratic Representative Slayden, of the Fourteenth Texas district, has telegraphed to San Antonio that "the Administration, as between candidates equally loyal, never takes part, but in the light of Mr. Slayden's record, no one can claim he has given support to the Administration."

One can easily imagine the furor such a message would arouse if it were sent in any other circumstances than those in

the Kaiser had a pocket Between Soissons and Rheims, And Foch with busy pincers Is ripping out the seams.

WILHELM AND HIS DENTIST NO MAN, says the platitudes, can be a hero to his valet. William of Germany, an incurable precedent-maker, disregarded the truth of the general implication. He tried to be a hero to his dentist. He failed. Dr. Arthur Davis, the American who cured the Kaiser's toothaches from 1914 until a few months ago, has arrived in this country and has told of his observations and experiences at the task. He has stripped Wilhelm of the last illusion of greatness provided by enemy imagination. Wilhelm appears in Doctor Davis's record as a poor sort of Attila after all.

He was most unreasonable to begin with. He asked Doctor Davis to stop off at London and kick the shins of his cousin, the King of England, in his behalf. Here spoke the imperious man who was equally unaware of irresistible obstacles when he sent his son to take Verdun. Hearst, the Emperor of Germany said, was doing excellent work. But he grieved over Colonel Roosevelt. "I gave him a review," he mourned in the dentist's chair, "and I was amazed to find him turned against us after the manner in which I entertained him!"

The First Hun was also convinced that President Wilson should have his throat cut. He was astounded because America didn't seize Canada when England became involved in a war on the other side of the world. "Now," he cried, "America must pay the bills. What does a professor like your President know of politics and diplomatic affairs?"

The President seems to have known a good deal. He seems to have realized from the first that the German Emperor is a rattle-brained ass. Doctor Davis has done much to show the rest of the country the justice of this point of view.

Greatness Everybody is praising General Foch. Paris, London and Washington view him as one of the great men of the century. The officers of the Allied armies speak of him with trust and affection. The achievements of the last few weeks indicate that, aside from his genius for soldiering, Foch has two dominant qualities: The one is modesty; the other, a virtue so rare that it has almost disappeared from the world, is patience.

Correct! "Why is it, Mr. Tumbo, that you and I have not figured in any editorial paragraphs lately?" "Well, Mr. Bones, what explanation can you offer?" "Perhaps some one called for the hook." "No, Mr. Bones, I believe the gentleman that writes them is on his vacation."

War Poets Girls who join a nunnery Are said to take the veil; But Foch, by heavy gunnery, Will shortly take the Veil.

Horsing! The Crown Prince has not been able to "stabillize" the fighting in the Marne sector, even though the Allies have used cavalry forces.

Humility to Everybody is much too busy watching the news from France to worry about the warm weather. Humidity is high at German headquarters.

Leave Instantly! Would you speak of the cries of indignation that rose in Boston over the visit of a submarine to the fishing ground as a codfish brawl?

Yes, We Get You Speaking of the potato blight that is now afflicting the crops in Pennsylvania, have you ever eaten the sort that brides fry?

It Doesn't Work There are signs everywhere to show that a good many persons may have to depend upon their temper to keep them warm next winter.

FOCH seems to be one of the best pick-pockets in history. Humanity is instinctively base. Who has not felt a thrill of pleasure when the elevator shot by a landing without stopping for some guy who was clamoring to be let on?

A correspondent writes to the New York Times to say how much better "The Star Spangled Banner" is played at Willow Grove than at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York.

Sometimes I can't help wishing suburban evenings weren't quite so still and peaceful. I hate to hear the electric light meter ticking in the cellar and the ice melting in the icebox.

EVERY now and then I have a craving for fudge. Fat brown cubes of it, not too crumbly and sugary. But moist and dark And vivid with sweetness. It should be just so soft that when I Bite into a chunk The part still in my hand retains the Angled cleavage where my two crooked front teeth Shove through.

I SEE TRAYS of it in confectioners' windows. Almost black with rich chocolate, And I sigh for the days when We used to make fudge every Saturday night. We spent our honeymoon making fudge, Striving it over the blue gas flame And watching the syrup bubble and heave and thicken. I used to stir it with a big agate spoon (Turning the gas down a little— I never liked Dora's theory of turning on the gas full blast) While she buttered the pan. And then we would set it on the top of the ice-box To harden, marking the sticky surface With a criss-cross pattern.

WHILE we waited we would go back on the porch And read the evening paper (There was no war news then), And all through the news columns I could taste the preliminary ecstasy Of that warm sweetness, And feel the muscles of my cheek and jaw Trembling with anticipation. Do you ever have that craving for glucose That a man gets sometimes About five o'clock in the afternoon, About eight times a year?

THERE is something in man that yammers for sweetness! And did you ever notice that surprised agony of delight In a dog's eyes When he is given fudge for the first time? He thinks he is in heaven. He did not know that life had such possibilities. People who are simple minded, like dogs, Find in fudge a complete synopsis Of their philosophy. As for me, my idea of happiness Would be to lie on shiny pine-needles On a bluff overlooking Lake Champlain With a note by Leonard Merrick And a big box of Dora's fudge Still faintly warm.

BY THIS time (returning to the honey-fudge) would be cool enough to eat. And I would be about to go in and get it. When some neighbors we knew slightly would come along. I would whisper "For heaven's sake don't tell them about the fudge." And then she would say: "We must be at the party." And remark to our callers, "Oh, you must come and sit on the porch. We've been making fudge!" And I would grumble to myself, And go and get it.

WE DON'T make fudge any more. Mr. Hoover doesn't allow it. But once in a while I see some in a window And I wonder me I would ever fudge as a crawfish Would yearn for a mudhole If you put him in the middle of a marble floor At the First National Bank. Some time after the war, maybe, We will go back to the kitchen on summer evenings. And I will put on the old pink apron And make fudge.

What Makes Them Angry The Bolshevik government considers the Allied landing of troops on the Murman coast tantamount to a declaration of war.—News Item. Inasmuch as troops and supplies were landed on the Murman coast to aid the Bolshevik government in its embarrasments, it will be valuable for statesmen to know henceforth what Lenin and Trotsky consider acts of war.

President Wilson shaves every day, and Lenin and Trotsky might consider this a personal insult. The Bolsheviks probably think the Red Sox and the White Sox are two different kinds of Soviets. Every time the White Sox win Trotsky would be justified in mobilizing.

Doctor Davis, the Kaiser's dentist, says that Bill begged him to kick King George's shins for him. But don't let's judge Bill too hastily. Perhaps he referred to the Shin Fein?

Austria ought to put itself on Premier ratings. One every twenty-four hours seems wasteful. The Kaiser says the good old German middle classes will win the war. Ein feste Bourgeois ist unser Gott.

Swat the Profiteer High rents and high fuel crowd the tenements. Crowded tenements crowd the hospitals and jails.—Nashville Tennessean.

Not in England, Not in Order, is sure of a warm welcome, but of course he isn't expecting any banquets.—Boston Globe. But Equally Futile A German peace offensive differs from a German war offensive in that it is all poison gas.—Syracuse Herald. Like a Busted Horse The best laid plans Of Huns and snakes Are often filled With holes and breaks. With holes and breaks. —Brooklyn Standard Union.



THE OFFICE BOY

THE effect of black on the office boy is very curious. The average man, as every one knows, hates black. His countenance is overspread with heavy gloom as soon as he sees you wearing it, and a black evening dress is his abomination. But as we were saying, it is quite another matter with the office boy. He is visibly sustained, so soothed and cheered by a black dress; whereas if you wear colors, he immediately says the boss isn't in and there is an end of it.

NOR is this the only thing in which the office boy contradicts the usual laws of nature. He is a living puzzle, full of whim, fantasy and unaccountable moods. He is, to begin with, almost invariably fat. Whether he becomes fat after being an office boy or is an office boy because he is fat is one of those questions we have never been able to determine. At any rate the fact remains. Perhaps it is the ultimate destiny of those dimpled, pudgy babies you see in photograph albums and occasionally in homes. And again, is it a question of inclination, heredity or training? Are office boys born or made? Does he acquire that brooding, oblivious air, that absence of deference and courtesy, that curious accent with which he intones a language that once was English? Or, like an undertaker, does he simply follow in the wake of some acknowledged predecessor? History is full of office boys who have risen to higher things; if anything can be said to be higher than his own role. This attitude of continually guarding the portals of the gate from invasion has given him a surrealness of what the Y. W. C. A. calls "social approach" that is completely denied the average individual.

IF YOU are in business you find that the whole downtown stratum is underlaid with office boys. They form, with stenographers and elevator boys, the bulwarks of society. And there is a brotherhood, a great free masonry between them which is touching to contemplate.

ENTER, for instance, a modern office. You are confronted at once by a plump boy at a desk. He is completely unconscious of your approach, nor does he seem to hear you even when you speak three times. His eyes are glued to a parti-colored book. You fill out a slip which says that you want to see Mr. Dash. The slip also requires you to state why and for how long and what for. If you have come merely to have lunch with Mr. Dash or for a friendly chat the situation is critical. But the office boy is inexorable. Nor does he even relent when you have written your name, history and previous record on the card. He tells you calmly and without moving a muscle of his face, except those essential for articulation, that Mr. Dash is out. It makes no difference whether you have just been talking to him or even can see him through the door. The office boy merely reiterates and in the end you have to believe him. It is the triumph of force over reason.

THE boss himself does not know the true character of his office boy. How should he? Only the outside world sees him as he really is.

AND yet we have even had office boys of our own. "Et in Arcadia ego." One particularly we remember. His name was Louis and he had deep black eyes and a smooth, blue-black hair. By his presence alone were we protected from people who wanted "a piece in the paper," people we didn't like who wanted to take us out to dinner, people we did who wanted to see us when we were busy, people who wanted to know who wrote that article and cried

FOR FRANCE

NOW down the great dim highways of the world We ride to meet the hosts; our banner furled! Here's Coeur de Lion, in whose might train Sing the crusaders, those who start again To seek the Sepulcher. That phantom throng Are brave King Arthur's knights who know no wrong. St. George, the fighting angel, lends us aid— We see the flashing of his holy blade. We come, we come, oh Genevieve—awake! The Huns are here again and strive to take Your city. Not Attila this time, but one More merciless than he. The meadows run With blood. Joan, you warrior maid, one more Lead out your armies as you did before. You, Francis of the jeweled courts, you hear The savage mutterings. Lift up your spear Oh Charles! You, Louis, call your men— Call Caesar, call the Gauls, call out the Corsican From still St. Helena. How can he sleep When France is suffering and the Prussians keep Watch over Belgium? We hold the right To call the heroes of the world to help us fight. Come back from out your graves, down from the skies— You warriors, maidens, kings, awake! arise! We come to join you—we who crave the chance With all of history to fight for France!

A Supernatural Hint? Perhaps that "cubist art" had, specimen of which used to be reproduced often in the period just before the war, was just a supernatural tip from Fate as to the imminence of Armageddon. Certainly most of these pictures bore a most striking resemblance to the photographs taken for military purposes from airplanes, which are the all-important data used in the fighting of this war.—Syracuse Herald.

What Do You Know? QUIZ 1. What is the retentive drachma in Italy? 2. What is meant by the Elizabethan drama? 3. What is the distinguishing quality of a love? 4. Who is Tichletov? 5. Where and what is Hill-House? 6. What is a sector? 7. Who is Andrew Deane Law? 8. Name the author of "New Literature." 9. What is a "boche"? 10. Who said, "Every step of progress has its price to be paid and from stable stinks?"

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz 1. "Japa-Java" means, among the southern Malays and the Philippines, the name of a tree which bears a fruit like a nut. 2. The name of the author of "New Literature" is Thomas M. Elcock. 3. The name of the author of "New Literature" is Thomas M. Elcock. 4. The name of the author of "New Literature" is Thomas M. Elcock. 5. The name of the author of "New Literature" is Thomas M. Elcock. 6. The name of the author of "New Literature" is Thomas M. Elcock. 7. The name of the author of "New Literature" is Thomas M. Elcock. 8. The name of the author of "New Literature" is Thomas M. Elcock. 9. The name of the author of "New Literature" is Thomas M. Elcock. 10. The name of the author of "New Literature" is Thomas M. Elcock.

An English Tribute to Our Soldiers To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—The enclosed poem was written by Miss Clara A. Walsh, an Englishwoman living at Southsea, in the vicinity of which are several concentration camps. She has done splendid work in entertaining our boys who have been temporarily located at these camps, and is enthusiastic over the American as a clean-cut type of soldier. I thought possibly this poem would be of interest to your readers. THOMAS M. ELCOCK, JR. Philadelphia, July 25.

TO THE BOYS FROM U. S. A. 1918 Oh! the English lanes are deep and green, And the English oaks spread wide and brown, And the Norman in his pride, The English lanes they welcome you! As you tread them side by side— Oh! The English hamlets nestle warm In old immemorial trees. Many a voice, through shine and storm Has rung on the English breeze. Now they hear the tones of Canada, The soft Australian drawl, Voices of big South Africans. All come to the Mother's call— And the English hamlets welcome you, Who have come to join us all! Tall young sons of the mighty West, Some of you here will stand, Where your sturdy English forebears rest— For you're the come of the old Norse race And some of you come of the old Norse race That harried our folk best strand— Or the stout Dutch folk whom we used to face. Frank faces, we could understand— You have seen where Freedom's bescoms burn. War-worn, we stand, by her side— Our swords are red, we are grim and stern For our best and bravest have died— There are graves in France and Gallipoli! There are dead on every ledge— Brother Crusaders, we welcome you! For we fight for the crucified.

War-worn, we stand, by her side— Our swords are red, we are grim and stern For our best and bravest have died— There are graves in France and Gallipoli! There are dead on every ledge— Brother Crusaders, we welcome you! For we fight for the crucified.